

{ 15.0.7 J. Atkinson.  
5646

THE SORROWS OF BRITAIN, HER SAD FOREBODINGS,  
AND HER ONLY REFUGE:

A

# SERMON,

*On Occasion of the*

GREAT NATIONAL CALAMITY

OF THE

DEATH OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

**The Princess Charlotte Augusta;**

Delivered on Lord's Day, Nov. 16, 1817,

TO THE CONGREGATION OF PROTESTANT DISSENTERS

*Assembling in the Gravel-Pit Meeting-House,*

HACKNEY.

---

BY JOHN PYE SMITH, D.D.

---

Say to Greece, that the SPRING is torn out of her year!

*Gelon, in Herodot. vii. 162.*

BE STILL AND KNOW THAT I AM GOD: I WILL BE EXALTED.

*Psalm xlv. 10.*

---

London:

PRINTED FOR JOSIAH CONDER, NO. 18, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

1817.

*Price One Shilling.*



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2010 with funding from  
Boston Regional Library System

{ 15.0.7 J. Atkinson.  
5646

THE SORROWS OF BRITAIN, HER SAD FOREBODINGS,  
AND HER ONLY REFUGE:

A

## SERMON,

*On Occasion of the*

GREAT NATIONAL CALAMITY

OF THE

DEATH OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

**The Princess Charlotte Augusta;**

Delivered on Lord's Day, Nov. 16, 1817,

TO THE CONGREGATION OF PROTESTANT DISSENTERS

*Assembling in the Gravel-Pit Meeting-House,*

HACKNEY.

---

By JOHN PYE SMITH, D.D.

---

Say to Greece, that the SPRING is torn out of her year!

*Gelon, in Herodot. vii. 162.*

BE STILL AND KNOW THAT I AM GOD: I WILL BE EXALTED.

*Psalm xlv. 10.*

---

London:

PRINTED FOR JOSIAH CONDER, NO. 18, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

1817.

*Price One Shilling.*



THE  
SORROWS OF BRITAIN,

&c. &c.

*A Sermon.*

---

JEREMIAH IX. 20, 21.

“YET HEAR THE WORD OF THE LORD, YE WOMEN, AND LET YOUR EAR RECEIVE THE WORD OF HIS MOUTH; AND TEACH YOUR DAUGHTERS WAILING, AND EVERYONE HER NEIGHBOUR LAMENTATION: FOR DEATH IS COME INTO OUR WINDOWS, AND IS ENTERED INTO OUR PALACES.”

WITHOUT presumption or extravagance it may be asserted, that none of us have ever witnessed a Christian assembly, universally affected with grief more sincere, more deep, more heart-rending, than that which we are now brought to feel. The gloomy appearance which the habiliments of mourning present, is here, in the strictest truth, the index of the sorrowing heart. Nor is it we alone that mourn. The

sorrow is poured all around us. The assemblage of mourners is the whole population of our country; and foreign nations yearn with sympathy for us. The circle of deep distress, of unbought and honest lamentation, is widening every hour; and it will be many months before it has reached its utmost verge. Every tender, every feeling heart is filled with grief. Yea, the bosoms of the hardy and the mighty have heaved with a pang before unknown; and many eyes have poured forth floods, which scarcely knew a tear before. Every British soul is this day, and long will be, an abode of bitterness and grief. Nor is this the sorrow of mere feeling: it is that of the most sober and calculating judgment. If my own convictions be any measure by which to estimate those of others, I must acknowledge that no event, not immediately personal or domestic, has ever made on my mind an impression of sorrow, so deep-seated, so abiding, as the present. First impressions wear away. Common feeling soon abates. But I have found my sense of pain increased by the exercise of reason and reflection. "The elders have ceased from the gate, the young men from their music; the joy of our heart is ceased, our dance is turned into mourning; our heart is faint, our eyes are dim: the crown of our head is fallen: the glory is departed." SHE is torn from the fond affections of the British

people, whom we thought to have been destined long to wear the diadem of happiness, freedom and piety; and under whose mild and beneficent sceptre we had hoped that our children long would rest. But that hope is for ever gone. “A voice declareth, and publisheth affliction.—A voice of wailing is heard out of Zion.—Hear the word of the Lord, O ye women, and let your ear receive the word of his mouth; and teach your daughters wailing, and every one her neighbour lamentation: for DEATH is come up into our windows, and is entered into our PALACES!”

The occasion of this heart-felt and universal distress needs not to be recited. Too well, alas! is it known.

I. The first and lowest ground on which we can view it, is as a very remarkable instance of PERSONAL AND DOMESTIC DISTRESS.

Rarely, very rarely, has the humble history of a private family presented such a tragedy of woe as the circumstances of the Royal Family at this moment present. The much-loved Princess whose premature and sudden death we lament, was herself not ignorant of sorrow. She had drank deep of its bitter waters. Her honourable and FILIAL mind was the seat of many a pang



for sad evils which were above her power to remedy: and no slight sympathy has she felt with the afflictions of her venerable **GRAND-FATHER**, whom

“ Mental cloud, and ever-during dark  
Surrounds; from all the cheerful ways of men  
Cut off!”

But her feeling heart, by the direction of a merciful and indulgent Providence, had at last found an asylum for the utterance and the reception of its affections, perhaps as perfect as could be looked for in this sinful and suffering world. United to a young Prince of whom all that we have heard declares him to have been worthy of her, and whose moral character, whose superior intellect, whose studious habits, whose domestic manners, and whose kind and tender disposition, justified her unbiassed choice; she had the reasonable prospect of spending many years in a delightful and beneficial retirement, of fulfilling the tender duties of a wife and a mother, and of coming from her regretted shades, at some distant day, to ascend the throne on which she would probably have conferred more honour than all its splendor and its greatness could have given to her. Thus have the happiest of her few days been spent. The hour of nature's necessary sorrow was contemplated



with hopes and expectations which it was not unreasonable to indulge. The interest, the desires, and I trust also with regard to many, but not, alas! to all, the prayers of our countrymen were warmly excited. That inevitable hour came upon her;—an awful hour. Her sufferings were long. The great disappointment which seemed to terminate them she bore with meek resignation, observing that “it was the will of God:” and her watchful and affectionate husband, in the strong feelings of anxiety and gratitude, cried out, “Thank God, thank God, the Princess is safe!” O fallacious joy! How treacherous, how transient is all that bliss which man can build below the skies!

II. This picture of distress is heightened by the **RANK** and **CHARACTER** of the sufferers.

In their nature, accountableness, and moral state, all men are originally equal. But the intellectual and providential distinctions of individuals, and the necessities of society, produce the inequalities of station, power, and rank. Government is instituted for the benefit of mankind, for the terror of evil-doers, and for a praise to them that do well. Hence have arisen, through a variety of complicated circumstances and occasions, high dignities and hereditary rank. By the reason of the case, by

the authority of God's holy word, and by the political constitution of Great Britain, these are held in trust for the public good, and under high responsibility to man and to God. To those whom "his hand has thus made great," an "honour is due;" not the false honour of servility and flattery, but the rational homage of respect and loyalty, obedience to the laws and attachment to the person so long as he remains faithful to his trust. We feel it to be our choice and our happiness, not less than our duty, to love and reverence and "honour the king, to render to all their dues, to obey magistrates, and to be ready to every good work." But when kings and their families have been the means of doing eminent good, their memories are embalmed in every recollection of honour and tenderness, and the attachment of prudence and duty becomes a warm-hearted and heroic devotedness. No law of the human affections is more constant than this. Nations have always been enthusiasts in gratitude to just and beneficent sovereigns.

All these considerations, combined with esteem and love for her *personal* excellencies, bear upon the illustrious name of the much beloved and deeply lamented Princess CHARLOTTE, the Heiress of Britain. She was not more honoured for the lustre of her ancestry, nor more elevated

by being the presumptive expectant of the noblest crown on earth, than she was personally the object of tender affection when living, and of the most painful regret now that she is numbered with the dead.

In body and in mind she was lively, prompt, and vigorous. Her temper was condescending, sweet, and generous: her conversation and manners were, to a remarkable degree, affable and kind. She manifested true wisdom and greatness of soul, in relinquishing the pageantry of courts and the pomp of ostentatious grandeur, and in choosing to spend her time, till she should be called to her expected high station, in the shades of a calm, simple, and well-employed retirement. She possessed strong sense, a fine understanding, and acute penetration. Her mind had the ability to deduce just conclusions, in cases which would have been far from obvious to superficial persons; and she equally possessed the firmness and integrity which enabled her to act upon her convictions. Her memory was furnished with rich stores of knowledge; and she was in the habit of calling them forth to excellent applications. Her acquirements, the fruits of studious toil and severe application, were such as would have raised her from the lowest situation to be the model of her sex and the admiration of all. It is probable

that never, since man was formed upon the earth, was the expectant of a crown so exquisitely educated for the best discharge of its exalted duties, or improved more excellently such eminent advantages. She did not permit her talents to rust in idleness, or to decay by neglect; nor did she degrade them to frivolous or worthless purposes: but she was in a course of activity employing and improving her abilities and acquirements, by being associated in important studies with her Illustrious Consort, by increasing her qualifications to direct the education of her expected offspring, and by laying up valuable treasures of historical and constitutional wisdom for the future service of her country. Her attachment was declared to those principles of equitable freedom which are the basis of public happiness and the glory of the British constitution. But the greatest dignity in the character of this estimable Princess lay in her not being ashamed to avow her reverential regard to the Christian religion. With its sacred principles, I have been informed that she had an accurate acquaintance, and that she avowed her serious approbation of them. She could discriminate, and she revered, the sentiments and characters of the most pious among the clergy of the Church of England. With regard to the Protestant Dissenters, she declared, in the most cordial and generous manner, that



she felt the respect and would shew the honourable treatment, which her august Grandfather and his two predecessors of the house of Brunswick, had uniformly demonstrated. So far as our little information has extended, she and her affectionate husband were not only a model of love and order and rational occupation in domestic life, but they manifested a serious reverence for sacred things, and paid honour to the public worship of God and the exercises of devotion and piety.

Such was this lamented Princess. Such was her rare and lovely character. We now know the value of this jewel by its irretrievable loss. How dear ought we to hold her memory ! How piercing, how agonizing, to her Consort, her Family, and her Country, that unlooked-for and awful stroke, which has made such a breach !— In the estimation of our national interests, the loss is irreparable. But as it respects herself, our best, our only consolation lies in the delightful hope that God, by his grace through the Redeemer, had given to her a sanctified heart, the pardon of her sins, and a meetness for his heavenly presence ; and that he was pleased, in signal love, to take her, thus early, out of a world of sins and temptations, difficulties and woes, to the bosom of eternal rest, the joys of perfect holiness and full redemption. *Cherishing*

*this glad hope*, it will relieve and solace our dejected hearts,—

“ To seek her ransom’d spirit, raised on high,  
Lodged in its home ; a denizen of heaven.

“ The midnight watch of angels, that surround  
The British sky, have guarded her ascent  
Through all the starry spheres. Pursue the track  
To the bright confines of immortal day,  
And Paradise her home. Say, heav’nly muse,  
(For nothing scapes thy search, nor canst thou miss  
So fair a spirit,) say, beneath what shade  
Of heavenly amaranth, that tree of life,  
She sits, recounting to her kindred-minds,  
Angelic or humane, her mortal toil  
And travail through this howling wilderness :  
By what divine protections she escaped  
The snares of pleasure, youth, and royalty,  
With sin combin’d to flatter and betray ;  
Snares set to murder souls : but Christ secur’d  
His work of grace, and taught her victory.

“ There does she seek, and has she found, her babe  
Amongst the infant-nation of the blest,  
And clasp’d it to her soul, to satiate there  
The young maternal passion, and absolve  
The unfulfill’d embrace ? Thrice happy child !  
That saw no earthly light, but turn’d aside  
From our dim regions to th’ Eternal Sun,  
And led the parent’s way to glory ! There  
Thou art for ever hers, with pow’rs enlarg’d  
For love reciprocal and sweet converse.”

WATTS (*altered*).



—Yes: if she was a follower of Christ, all this, and bliss unspeakably more, is hers.

But the sorrow of this mysterious dispensation is brought to press still more heavily upon, not our feelings only, but our most cool and considerate judgment, when we reflect upon it in the character which I think unquestionably belongs to it, of

III. A great NATIONAL CALAMITY, judicially inflicted on our public and private sins.

It is not my temperament to indulge in dark anticipations. On every subject of futurity, the sense of our ignorance should teach us modesty and moderation: and an humble resignation to the divine sovereignty will shew that hope springs from submission. But yet I cannot suppress the strong apprehension that the cause of our present mourning is indeed a *positive judgment* from the Righteous Governor of nations, an alarming indication of his awful displeasure.

The present is evidently not the world of personal and final retribution. “It is appointed unto men once to die, and *after that*, the JUDGMENT.” But, in many instances, some rudiments of the retributive justice of God may be traced

in the present world. "Whoso is wise will observe such things." Nations, as nations, that is, in their corporate and connected capacity, have existence only in this life: and therefore, so far as it is requisite, in the eyes of divine justice and wisdom, to punish national sins, as *national*, and separately from the future amenableness of the individuals who have perpetrated them, they *must* be punished in the present state. The Scriptures contain many assurances of the reality and awful importance of this particular department in the moral government of God: and they teach us that the taking away of good and valuable and promising characters, especially in high stations and in seats of power, is one of the methods by which the Most High manifests his displeasure against the iniquities of nations. It adds to the fearfulness of this consideration, that the judgment on us is coupled with mercy to them; for they "are taken away from the evil to come." Wise and upright chieftains are called, by a striking metaphor, "*the strong rods*" of the community: and when "our strong rods are broken and withered, this is a lamentation, and shall be for a lamentation."\* They are gathered before the storm: but sad is the prognostic to us.

---

\* Ezek. xix. 11—14.

Now is it not an undeniable fact that our national wickedness is GREAT?

We have, indeed, much among us of public as well as private virtue; much of holy and beneficial exertion to promote peace on earth, and good-will to men, and glory in the highest to God. All this we owe to his unmerited mercy. The Abolition of the Slave Trade, the establishment of the Missionary and Bible Societies, and many other labours of Christian duty and benevolence among us, form the true glory of our age and nation. Let us regard them, not with self-righteous pride, but with lowly gratitude, as tokens of mercy from Him against whom we have so deeply sinned. But; even in these relations, how much is there among us that is defective, supine, corrupt in motive, and injurious in action! And how melancholy is that hostility which is carried on against all these deeds of mercy, with a defiance of truth and honour and a malignity restless and insatiable, under the pretence of zeal for God and his church!

But we have Public and National Sins which, in formidable array, rise up against us before the judgment of God.

I fear that our notorious love and cherishing

of the *military spirit* must fall under this description ;—the military spirit, that great source of crimes and miseries, that multiplied desolator of mankind, that first-born of the infernal destroyer ! Reflect on the spirit, the practice, the heart-withering details, the horrid consequences, of war ;—and you will be compelled to own that it is totally irreconcilable with the spirit of the gospel, the disinterested, forgiving, and benevolent temper, without which we *cannot* be the servants of Christ.\*

My heart has often sunk within me in meditating on our national guilt in another respect: our *desertion of the cause of civil and religious liberty*. From the glorious revolution down to almost our own times, it has been the constant theme of wishes and prayers from the pious in these realms, and the equally constant profession of our policy, wars, and negotiations, to advance the cause of rightful freedom, and to procure relief and liberty to our oppressed brethren in Popish countries. The fairest opportunity has been afforded for these purposes. We have been the arbiters of nations and the restorers of kings. And what have we done ?

---

\* Some important remarks on the light in which Christians OUGHT to view this subject, occur in the Eclectic Review for January, 1817.

*We* have restored the Pope to his antichristian dominion, a dominion which WE KNOW is in direct opposition to the word of God, in doctrine, precept, and prophecy. We have reinstated on their thrones those families which have been the opprobrium of mankind, and the persecutors of the Church of Christ;—well knowing that their present representatives (excepting, I trust; the King of France; and how happy should we be to make other exceptions!) are filled with superstition and bigotry, and besotted by the intolerant and bloody spirit of Popery. We have made no stipulations with them, in favour of liberty of conscience and of worship. We have given up the Waldenses, and other foreign Protestants, to the unbridled malice of their old persecutors. We have, *in effect*, aided and supported the revival of those nefarious and bloody institutions, the Inquisition and the Order of Jesuits, which have filled modern history with their dreadful crimes and cruelties. “Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord. Shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?” Jer. ix. 9.—Alas for thee, O my country! Do we not see the very nature and kind of our sin in its punishment? We have paid respect to the weak and wicked prejudices of those princes, in disregard of God’s word and the cause of human happiness; and we have been afraid to hurt their feelings, by de-



manding security for their Protestant subjects, and liberty of conscience to all,—while they were fed by our charity and restored by our power:—and now, O “WHAT hath God’s uplifted hand done unto us?” He hath taken away the desire of our eyes with a stroke, the hope of Britain,—the flower and glory of our own Royal Family!

The time would fail me to speak of our many public sins of a domestic character: the abuses of trusts; the dreadful increase of prostitution and other criminal offences; the flagrant immoralities connived at, or actually patronized, in official perjuries, in state-lotteries, in theatres, public-houses, and the violations of the Lord’s day. “Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord. Shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?—The Lord hath a controversy with the inhabitants of the land; because” of the awful defects of “truth, and mercy, and the knowledge of God, in the land. By swearing, and lying, and killing, and stealing, and committing adultery, they burst out; and deeds of blood are mingled with deeds of blood.” How closely, alas, does that gloomy picture of ancient Israel resemble modern Britain!

But let us descend into more personal and searching applications. Let each of us scru-



tinize his own heart and conduct. Alas, what unchristian tempers, what sinful conformity to the world, what selfishness, what covetousness, are found among many who call themselves the disciples of Jesus! "Our transgressions are multiplied before God, and our sins testify against us." How justly may we appropriate the lamentation which introduces our text! "O that I had in the wilderness a lodging-place of wayfaring men, that I might leave my people and go from them! They bend their tongues, like their bow, for lies. The brother utterly supplants, and the neighbour walks with slanders."—How many have abandoned "the faith which was once delivered to the saints"! How many are "lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, false accusers,—treacherous, headstrong, puffed up with pride, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness, but denying its power"!

Nor is our own history destitute of instructive and awakening analogies, to teach us what lessons we should learn from the overwhelming bereavement which we have so many reasons to lament. I beg it, however, to be observed that, in referring to them, I do not go on the principle that the Supreme Ruler has double sets of purposes, and

that it is, at any time, a matter of contingency which series shall be realized. No. "His counsel shall stand; and he will do all his pleasure." But we reason according to rational appearances and probabilities; and according to the most important, just, and scriptural doctrine of the free-agency and accountableness of man. The clearest testimonies of the word of God give us the example of reasoning thus. "O that my people had hearkened unto me, and Israel had walked in my ways! I should soon have subdued their enemies, and turned my hand against their adversaries;—but their time should have endured for ever. O that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments! Then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea. O that there were such a heart in them, that they would fear me, and keep all my commandments always, that it might be well with them, and with their children for ever!"

On these principles, my Christian brethren, I entreat you to reflect seriously on some dispensations of God's righteousness, in past periods of our national affairs.

Had the Eternal Sovereign been pleased to prolong the life and reign of King Edward VI. or of his lovely and hapless cousin Lady Jane.

Grey, those paragons of goodness, what miseries, so far as human calculations can estimate, would have been prevented! What happiness would have been produced and perpetuated! Liberty, religion, a purer reformation, benevolence, and general good, would have flourished, far beyond any thing that was brought to pass in the reigns that actually ensued. And why was it not so? Must it not be confessed that the iniquities of our fathers withheld that good from them?

A more recent event presents a still closer resemblance to the cause of our present sorrows. The weak and wicked James I. had a son, Henry Prince of Wales, whose youthful excellencies bore a wondrous contrast to the character of the wretched father; and who died, to the unutterable grief of all the best part of the nation, on the *very day*, 205 years ago, that our lamented Princess CHARLOTTE was taken from us. "This prince," says the historian of the Puritans,\* "was one of the most accomplished persons of his age; sober, chaste, temperate, religious, full of honour and probity, and never heard to swear an oath. Neither the example of the king his father, nor of the whole court, was capable of corrupting him in that respect. He had a great

---

\* Neal, vol. ii. p. 101, ed. 8vo. 1733.

soul, noble and generous thoughts ; and was as much displeased with trifles as his father was fond of them. He had frequently said that, if ever he mounted the throne, his first care should be to try to reconcile the Puritans\* with the Church of England.—Prince Henry was mild and affable——; and to say all in a word, he was the darling of all good men.” He died, in his nineteenth year, on the day, alas ! to us painfully memorable, November the *sixth*, 1612. But one striking *contrast* to our present affliction was, that the king his father actually commanded that “no person should appear at court in mourning for him.”—Had that promising Prince been spared, the tyranny and tragic catastrophe of Charles I., the civil war, and the persecutions and other crimes of the last Charles and James, the suppression of the Protestants in France, Bohemia, and the Palatinate, and an immense train of evils which spread over Great Britain and almost all Europe, and from the effects of

---

\* I cannot but earnestly wish that all British houses, especially those of Protestant Dissenters, were furnished with *Mr. Brook's Lives of the Puritans*, 3 vols. 1813, as one of their family-books. It conveys the most interesting information, much of it from original manuscripts of those times ; it is composed with a rigorous regard to historic truth ; and it breathes the purest spirit of religion, benevolence, and freedom.

which we have not to this day recovered ; would, according to all human probability, have been prevented. And why was it not so ? Must we not apply the answer of the prophet ; “ Your iniquities turned away these things, and your sins withheld this good from you ! ” Jer. v. 25.

These considerations impel me to the unwelcome and painful fear that we have strong reasons to regard this sudden shock of grief and disappointment, bitter and heart-rending as it is on every private and personal account, as in a still higher degree alarming because it wears the marks of a **PUBLIC JUDGMENT FROM GOD !—** O my unhappy country ! Our sins have crushed our hopes ; our sins have slain the lovely woman whom we had so much reason to regard as the blessing and ornament of the land ! The keystone of the arch is broken !

Under these views and feelings, can we avoid our hearts fainting within us ? Female sovereigns in all countries, if their personal character has been but moderately good, have always attracted in a very superior degree, the respect and the love both of their own subjects and of foreign nations.—O, had our beloved Princess lived to wear the crown, from so much as has been developed of her conduct and character, we



might reasonably have hoped that her reign would have been generous, mild, and pacific ;—that her throne would have been established in righteousness, wisdom, and beneficence, to a degree beyond what we or our fathers have ever seen ;—that profligate characters would have been kept from her presence, and that her royal person, court, and government would have been surrounded and supported by the best worthies of our land, “such as fear God, men of truth, hating covetousness ;”—that her influence and approbation, and the force of her example would have nourished and raised to a high point of excellence, all the personal and domestic virtues in the superior orders of society ;—that, thus, infidelity, irreligion, and profaneness, would have been discountenanced in the higher ranks much more than now they are, and temperance, chastity, integrity, and purity would have been much more encouraged ;—that her talents, her acquirements, and her character would have been so exercised in forming the minds and guarding the morals of her children, as, under the divine blessing, to have been the means of sending down distinguished mercies to a distant posterity.—And why, O why, has it not been thus ?—“Our iniquities have turned away these things ; and our sins have withholden these good things from us.”



Yes: the Blessed and Only Potentate seems to say to us in this awful voice of his providence,—“ These mercies were too great for you. You are not fit for their reception. You have not sought them by fervent prayer. You have undervalued and abused the signal blessings which I have already bestowed upon you. Proud, boasting, ambitious, greedy of gain, you have not sought the honour which cometh from God. You have not loved, you have not cherished, that kind, peaceful, and benignant spirit which adorned the DAUGHTER OF ENGLAND, and which would have formed the mild glory of her reign. Therefore, ye shall eat of the fruit of your own way, and be filled with your own devices ! Therefore, behold, I take from you the DESIRE OF YOUR EYES with a stroke ! ”

Ah ! this is no little grief. This is no common lamentation. It is the mourning not of the heart only, but of reason and judgment. Every face gathers paleness. Every house feels as if the bereavement had taken place within its own walls. The land mourneth, and every family apart. We look on our children, and with painful forebodings we feel ourselves forced to say “ You have sustained a loss the greatness of which you can little appreciate. You are bereft of her who would have been your MATER-

NAL Sovereign ; whose smile would have gladdened your hearts ; whose example and influence would have sanctioned whatsoever things are lovely, and useful, and beneficent, and of good report.—But she is torn from us !—snatched away at the very moment when the eyes and hearts of the whole nation were turned to her, with the most interesting feelings of respect and honour, of sympathy and hope ! This amiable Princess, and the fruit of her womb, are clasped in the cold embrace of death ! Her lofty birth, her royal form, her vernal youth, her sweet condescension, her richly furnished mind, her noble and generous heart, her conjugal felicity,—all that formed endearment, that raised expectation, and that united love with loyalty in every breast ;—all are quenched in the dread silence of the tomb, or hidden in the world unknown. The glory is departed.”

“ O, long for her shall England weep ! ”

Are we, then, to sit down in hopeless sorrow ?—No, my Christian brethren. I have, indeed, endeavoured to set before you my views of the probable magnitude of our country’s loss, and my painful apprehensions as to the light in which we are called to view this dispensation. But, if this great, this bitter calamity be solemnly and faithfully attended to, it may be, by the

rich grace of Him against whom we have sinned, the means of greater mercies still than those which we have lost.

Let me beseech you, as I would equally charge it upon my own heart, to be humbled under the mighty hand of God. “Therefore also now, saith the Lord, turn ye even to me with all your heart, and with fasting, and with weeping, and with mourning; and rend your heart, and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God; for he is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repenteth him of the evil. Who knoweth if he will return and repent, and leave a blessing behind him?”\* Permit me to entreat that you spend, as much as practicable, the mournful day of the interment, not only in public, but in secret, exercises of deep humiliation, confession of sin, and earnest prayers for mercy, the “mercy which is with the Lord that he may be feared,” even “the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life.” On that sad day, all that remains of our country’s beloved hope will be committed to the melancholy tomb. Make no parties, receive no visits, seek no pleasures, on that sad day, “a day of trouble, and

---

\* Joel ii. 12—14.

of rebuke, and of treading down." It is "a day in which the Lord God of hosts calleth to weeping and to mourning." But, let it be that "godly sorrow which worketh repentance unto salvation." Lamentation for our great calamity will not recall the blessing which we have lost. Let us labour to convert our griefs into the most profitable direction, and mourn for our guilt as the cause, more than for the great calamity which is the irremediable effect. O that we, and all our countrymen, may turn "to Him from whom we have deeply revolted," with unfeigned abhorrence of all our sins, with genuine conversion of the heart, and with a holy reformation of our lives! O that we may for ever renounce our public and our private vices, our domestic and our personal sins, and that not merely from dread of the punishments which we have so much reason to apprehend, and the beginning of which has thus awfully burst upon us; but from the better principles of love to our country and love to our God, and a grateful sense of that sovereign "grace which abounds through righteousness unto eternal life, by our Lord Jesus Christ."

I fear that we have been very deficient in one great part of the duty of prayer, the offering up of intercessions and supplications for those who

are in authority over us. Have we not satisfied ourselves with presenting these petitions in our public congregations, and have been inconstant to the introduction of them in our daily devotions, in our families and in secret? Do not our hearts smite us with the painful thought that we did not pray as it was our duty to do for the lamented Personage who is now removed for ever from the range of all benefit from our prayers? *Good* princes and governors are a blessing to a nation, in a degree so great as scarcely to admit of an adequate description. But can we expect this blessing, if we do not pray for it with fervour and daily perseverance? All that was great and lovely and promising in the departed Princess was what God had made her, and conferred upon her. He can bestow the same, or even greater excellencies on the expectants and the future possessors of the British crown. And we are permitted humbly to hope that he will do so, in gracious answer to fervent and persevering prayer, the prayer of the heart, "the prayer of the righteous which availeth much with God." This charge, my Christian brethren, belongs to you. The wicked will not understand. The unhappy majority around us will pass from transient sympathy to their pleasures, their worldliness, and their darling sins. They will, alas, soon put far from



them the thoughts of repentance, conversion, and reformation ; and they will add iniquity to their iniquity. On you, sincere and practical Christians, the fate of your country rests. To you, afflicted Britain looks in this her darkest day. “ Ye are the salt of the earth. Ye are the light of the world. Ye are the holy seed, the substance ” of our country’s hope and happiness.

Let this mournful event lead us to “ cease from man, whose breath is in his nostrils ; ” and to look for all grace, holiness, usefulness, and happiness to the unchanging fountain of Divine Love. “ Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.” Leave all earthly confidences ; and make God in Christ your strength and your stay. Then you need “ not fear though the earth be removed.”

O lay to heart this most affecting lesson of mortality ! The king of terrors is no respecter of persons. He climbs our windows and triumphs over our palaces. We still are spared. But we know not the fated hour that is to summon us to the righteous tribunal. It is rapidly on the wing : it may be at the door. “ Be ye, therefore, ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh.” The cause



of death and of all its painful attendants and consequents, lies in our departure from God. Our apostacy from God has been the renunciation of life and happiness. Only his grace can restore us. Only he who died for our sins and rose again, can make us conquerors over death. "In him we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins." O dying sinners, hear his voice of richest mercy! "I am the resurrection and the life: he who believeth in me, though he die, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

END.

